THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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HANNO:

Or, A Tale of Weſt-Indian Cruelty.

HANNO, a ſlave, allowed ſymptoms of compaſſion, perhaps of indignation, to eſcape from him, on hearing one of his brother ſlaves ordered to be puniſhed unjuſtly. Zeluco having obſerved this, ſwore that Hanno ſhould be the executioner, otherwiſe he would order him to be puniſhed in his ſtead.

Hanno ſaid, he might do as he pleaſed; but as for himſelf, he never had been accuſtomed to that office, and he would not begin by exerciſing it on his friend. Zeluco, in a tranſport of rage, ordered him to be laſhed ſeverely, and renewed the puniſhment at legal intervals ſo often, that the poor man was thrown into a languiſhing diſeaſe, which confined him conſtantly to his bed.

Hanno had been a favorite ſervant of his lady's before her marriage with Zeluco; he was known to people of all ranks on the iſland, and eſteemed by all who knew him. An Iriſh ſoldier who had carried a commanding officer from the field, was taken into that gentleman's ſervice ſome time after, and remained conſtantly in his family from that time: this ſoldier had long been acquainted with Hanno, and had a particular eſteem for him, as ſoon as he heard of his dangerous ſituation, he haſtened to ſee him, carried him wine and other refreſhments, and continued to viſit and comfort him during his languiſhing illneſs. Perceiving at laſt there was no hope of his recovery, he thought the laſt and beſt good office he could do him, was to carry a prieſt to give him abſolution and extreme unction.

As they went together, "I ſhould be very ſorry, ſaid the ſoldier, if this poor fellow miſſed going to Heaven: for, by ——, I do not believe there is a worthier ſoul there, be the other who he pleaſes."

"He is a black," ſaid the prieſt who was of the order of St. Francis.

"His ſoul is whiter than a ſkinned potatoe," ſaid the ſoldier.

"Do you know whether he believes in all the tenets of our holy faith?" ſaid the prieſt.

"He is a man who was always ready to do as he would be done by," replied the ſoldier.

"That is ſomething, (ſaid the capuchin) but not the moſt eſſential.—Are you certain that he is a chriſtian?"

"O, I'll be d— if he is not as pretty a chriſtian as your heart can deſire, (ſaid the ſoldier) and I'll give you a proof that will rejoice your ſoul to hear. A ſoldier of our regiment was ſeized with the cramp in his leg when he was bathing; ſo he halloed for aſſiſtance, and then went plump to the bottom like a ſtone. Thoſe who were near him, chriſtians and all, ſwam off as faſt as their legs could carry them, for they were afraid of his catching hold of them. But honeſt Hanno puſhed directly to the place where the ſoldier had ſunk, dived after him, and without more ado, or ſo much as ſaying by your leave, ſeized him by the hair of the head, and hauled him aſhore; where, after a little rubbing and rolling, he was quite recovered, and is alive and merry at this preſent moment. Now, my dear father, I think this was behaving like a good chriſtian, and what is much more, like a brave Iriſhman too."

"Has he been properly inſtructed in all the principles of the Catholic Church?" ſaid the prieſt.

"That he has (replied the ſoldier) for I was after inſtructing him yeſterday myſelf; and as you had told me very often, that believing was the great point, I preſſed that home. By —— ſays I, Hanno, it does not ſignify making wry faces, but you muſt believe, my dear honey, as faſt as ever you can, for you have no time to loſe; and poor fellow, he entreated me to ſay no more about it, and he would believe whatever I pleaſed."

This ſatisfied the father; when they arrived at the dying man's cabin, "Now, my dear fellow, (ſaid the ſoldier) I have brought a holy man to give you abſolution for your ſins, and to ſhow your ſoul the road to Heaven; but firſt take this glaſs of wine to comfort you, for it is a long journey."

They raiſed poor Hanno, and he ſwallowed the wine with difficulty.

"Be not diſmayed, my honeſt lad, (continued the ſoldier) for although it is a long march to Heaven, you will be ſure of glorious quarters when you get there. I cannot tell you exactly how people paſs their time indeed; but by all accounts there is no very hard duty, unleſs it is that you will be obliged to ſing pſalms and hymns pretty conſtantly; that to be ſure you muſt bear with: but then the devil, a ſcoundrel who delights in tormenting his fellow creatures will be allowed to thruſt his noſe into that ſweet plantation; and ſo my dear Hanno, God bleſs you; all your ſufferings are pretty well over, and I am convinced you will be as happy as the day is long in the other world, all the days of your life."

The prieſt then began to perform his office—Hanno heard him in ſilence—he ſeemed unable to ſpeak.

"You ſee, my good father, ſaid the ſoldier, he believes in all you ſay. You may now, without any farther delay, give him abſolution and extreme unction, and every thing needful to ſecure him a ſnug birth in paradiſe."

"You are fully convinced, friend, ſaid the prieſt, addreſſing the dying man in a ſolemn manner, that it is only by a firm belief in all the tenets of the Holy Catholic Church, that ——" "God love your ſoul, my dear father, interrupted the ſoldier, give him abſolution in the firſt place, and convince him afterwards; for upon my conſcience, if you bother him much longer, the poor creature's ſoul will ſlip through your fingers."

The prieſt, who was a good natured man, did as the ſoldier requeſted.

"Now, (ſaid the ſoldier, when the ceremony was over) now, my honeſt fellow, you may bid the devil kiſs your b—de, for you are as ſure of Heaven as your maſter is of hell, where, as this reverend father will aſſure you, he muſt ſuffer to all eternity."

"I hope he will not ſuffer ſo long," ſaid Hanno, in a faint voice; and ſpeaking for the firſt time ſince the arrival of the prieſt.

"Have a care of what you ſay, friend, (ſaid the prieſt, in a ſevere tone of voice) you muſt not doubt of the eternity of hell-torments. If your maſter goes once there, he muſt remain there forever."

"Then I'll be bound for him, (ſaid the ſoldier) he is ſure enough of going there."

But I hope in God he will not remain there for ever," ſaid Hanno——and expired.

"That was not ſpoken like a true believer, (ſaid the prieſt) if I had thought that he had harboured any doubts on ſuch an eſſential article, I ſhould not have given him abſolution."

"It is lucky, then, that the poor fellow made his eſcape to Heaven before you knew any thing of the matter," ſaid the ſoldier.

As the ſoldier returned home from Hanno's cabin, he met Zeluco, who, knowing where he had been, ſaid to him, "How is the d——d ſcoundrel now?"

"The d——d ſcoundrel is in better health than all who know him could wiſh," replied the ſoldier.

"Why, they told me he was dying," ſaid Zeluco.

"If you mean poor Hanno, he is already dead, and on his way to Heaven, (ſaid the ſoldier) but as for the ſcoundrel who murdered him, he'll be d——d before he gets there."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. PRINTERS,

I HAVE often obſerved, that friends are loſt by diſcontinuance of intercourſe, without any offence on either part, and have long known that it is more dangerous to be forgotten than to be blamed. I therefore make haſte to ſend you the reſt of my ſtory, leſt by the delay of another fortnight, the name of *Lucy Luckleſs* might be no longer remembered by you or your readers.

Having left the laſt place in haſte to avoid the charge or ſuſpicion of theft, it was my lot to become under-maid at the houſe of a widow lady, who had an only ſon. The young gentleman uſed to ſit late at the tavern, and I was ordered by my miſtreſs to let him into the houſe. The hours I was obliged to watch, whilſt the reſt of the family was in bed, I conſidered as ſupernumerary; and having no buſineſs aſſigned for them, I thought myſelf at liberty to ſpend them my own way: I kept myſelf awake with a book, and for ſome time liked my ſtate the better for this opportunity of reading. At laſt the upper-maid found my book, and ſhewed it to my miſtreſs, who told me that wenches like me might ſpend their time better; that ſhe never knew any of the readers that had good deſigns in their heads; that ſhe would always find ſomething elſe to do with her time, than to puzzle over books, and did not like that ſuch a *fine lady* ſhould ſit up for her *young maſter*. This was the firſt time that I found it thought criminal or

dangerous to know how to read. I was diſmiſſed decently, leſt I ſhould tell tales, and had a ſmall gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with an actreſs. This was the only happy part of my life. My miſtreſs never went abroad, except when ſhe attended to the buſineſs of the ſtage; ſhe kept very little company, and ſpent the greateſt part of her time with books; ſhe was pleaſed to find a maid who could partake of her amuſements. I roſe early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or liſten, and was ſuffered to tell my opinion or expreſs my delight. Thus fifteen months ſtole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to ſervitude. But a burning fever ſeized my miſtreſs, of whom I ſhall ſay no more, than that I wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place, and was rather too refined for the vulgar converſation of a kitchen; ſo that when I was hired in the family of a phyſician, my behaviour was ſo different, as they ſaid, from that of a common ſervant, that they concluded me to be a lady in diſguiſe, and diſmiſſed me in three weeks, on ſuſpicion of ſome deſign, which they could not comprehend.

I then went to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obſtruction from my new accompliſhments, and was hired under the houſe-keeper in a ſplendid family. Here I was too wiſe and too nice for the ſervants, yet I might have lived on without much uneaſineſs, had not the houſe-keeper, who uſed to employ me in buying neceſſaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expences. I ſuppoſe it did not *quite* agree with her own book, for ſhe fiercely declared her reſolution, that there ſhould be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the juſtice, or rather the prudence, not to injure my reputation, and I was eaſily admitted into another houſe in the neighbourhood, where my buſineſs was to ſweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for ſome time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my miſtreſs's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of ſome education. Mrs. Simper loved a novel, though ſhe could not read hard words, and therefore, when her miſtreſs was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At laſt my abilities became ſo much celebrated, that the ſteward uſed to employ me in keeping ſome accounts; Mrs. Simper then found out, that my ſaucineſs was grown to ſuch a height, that nobody could endure it, and told her miſtreſs that there never had been a room well ſwept ſince *Lucy* came into the houſe.

At laſt I was hired by a conſumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her three years, and though ſhe was never pleaſed, yet whenever I declared my reſolution to leave her, ſhe burſt into tears, and told me, that I muſt bear the peeviſhneſs of a ſick bed, and I ſhould find myſelf remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in leſs than a week, when I ſat her gruel before her, I laid the ſpoon on the left ſide, and ſhe threw her will into the fire. In two days ſhe made another, which ſhe burnt in the ſame manner, becauſe ſhe could not eat her chicken. A third was made, and deſtroyed becauſe ſhe heard a mouſe within the wainſcot, and was ſure that I ſhould ſuffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for ſome time out of favour, but as her illneſs grew upon her, reſentment and ſullenneſs gave way to kinder ſentiments. She died and left me five hundred pounds, with which I am going to ſettle in W——, where I intend to ſpend ſome hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

I am, gentlemen,
Your humble ſervant,
LUCY LUCKLESS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

An ENIGMATICAL LIST
OF THE CLERGY IN PHILADELPHIA.

1. Four eighths of a city in Scotland, three fifths of a piece of money, a conſonant, two ſixths of a hollow wave, and a vowel.
2. Two fourths of a city in Italy, three ſeventhe of a ſpacious country, and a ſerpentine letter.
3. Three fifths of a game at cards, and two ſixths of a church.
4. Five ninths of a plumb.
5. The oblique caſe plural of I, and four eighths of a game at tables.
6. Three fourths of a rudder, two ſixths of a ſoldier's hand gun, and two fourths of ſlender.
7. Five tenths of a fruit, and a ſpring.
8. Three ninths of a partner, and three ſixths of a ſmall bird.
9. The imperative mood of a latin verb, three fourths of a county in England, and a ſerpentine letter.
10. Three fourths of one of the ſons of Adam, and two fifths of a poem.
11. Two ſeventhe of a ſmall fiſh, the preterperfect of draw, and a ſerpentine letter.
12. Two fourths of part of a ſhip, two elevenths of engaging, and the termination of the participle preſent.
13. Three elevenths of pompous, and two thirds of a fearful reſpect.
14. The chief officer in an army, and a conſonant.
15. Three twelfths of a total deſtruction, and an article.
16. Four fifths of ſwift, and three fourths of a poem.
17. A vowel and part of a bird.
18. Four ſixths of a vegetable, and two ſixths of upright.
19. Three fifths of a look of pleaſure, and two fifths of a plant.
20. Three ſeventhe of a man of learning, three ſixths of noon, and a conſonant.
21. Three fourths of a poiſonous plant, a conſonant, and two fourths of a metal. W. G. R.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

SOLUTION
OF THE ANAGRAM IN THE MINERVA OF LAST SATURDAY.

MANY are *Vile*: this word tranſpoſe,
A lady's *Veil* it will diſcloſe;
With the ſame letters we can frame,
Levi, or Kohath's father's name;
Again tranſpoſe them, we perceive,
We do, and are inclin'd to *Live*;
Once more by alt'ring, we with eaſe
Find *Evil*, which is a diſeaſe. Y.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Characteriſtic of thoſe ſuperior geniuſſes, the conſtant brewers of Enigmas.

TAKE part of the name of that King of England, the end of whoſe reign is termed the *Revolution*; add the repreſentative of a hundred, and a character which has frequently a ſimilar power: to theſe ſubjoin the ultimate ſyllable of a moſt poiſonous wood, and the noiſe of a gooſe. TOBY.

ANECDOTE.

AS a country gentleman in London was reading a newſpaper in a Coffee-Houſe, he ſaid to a friend who ſat next to him, "I have been looking ſome time to ſee what the Miniſtry are about, but I cannot find where thoſe articles are put, not being uſed to the London papers." "Look among the Robberies, replied the other."

THE STARLING.
A SONG.

A beauteous Starling late I ſaw
On lovely Sylvia's hand;
To check his flight around his leg
She ti'd a ſilken band:
In vain he flutters to be gone;
Confinement is his lot:
In vain he ſtrives to break the band—
And can't untie the knot.

Ceaſe! Ceaſe! ſhe cried—here you ſhall feed;
And in my boſom reſt:
No bird that ever wing'd the air,
Was half ſo much careſs'd:
If from my hand you ſhould eſcape,
You may perchance be ſhot:
Then ceaſe to peck—'tis all in vain—
You can't untie the knot.

The Bird contented grows, at length,
While Sylvia ſtrokes his plumes;
Erects his little creſt—and ſoon
His former notes reſumes.
From what he'd heard the fair one ſay,
Theſe words by rote he got—
And oft repeated every day,
You can't untie the knot.

One evening youthful Damon ſat,
With Sylvia by his ſide;
Reward my love at laſt, ſaid he,
To-morrow be my bride.
Her bluſhes in his favour roſe;
Yet ſhe conſented not;
For 'ere ſhe ſpake, the Starling cri'd—
You can't untie the knot.

The Prayer of a Gentleman, during the Loſs of his Sight.

FATHER of light and life, Creator wiſe!
Great benefactor and ſupport of all!
In frowns and mercies both divinely kind;
While that hand chaſtens, this diffuſes bliſs.
O teach my ſoul chearful reſignation
To thy will; calm content and ſmiling patience;
Forgive my ſins. Then, tho' depriv'd of viſion,
Of ſeeing thee in all thy wonderous works,
In air, earth, ſea and ſkies, ſupreme perfection,
Will I kiſs the rod and bleſs the ſmiter;
Will I thank thy divine correcting hand,
Which might have made me infinitely worſe,
For all the various bleſſings I enjoy;
For tender parents, friends, relations kind,
A virtuous ſpouſe and blooming offspring;
For plenteous food and raiment. My ſoul ſubm.
Think the decrees of Heaven are wiſe and juſt,
Moſt beneficial to thyſelf and all.
Father! thy will is beſt, and be it done.

ANECDOTES.

RIGAUD, the painter, being one day employed in painting the portrait of a lady, perceived when he came to the lower part of her face, that ſhe contracted her lips in a moſt violent manner, in order that ſhe might appear to have a little mouth; upon which the artiſt ſaid to her very gravely, "Be not uneaſy, madam; if you chooſe, I ſhall make no mouth at all."

A Philoſopher and a wit were at ſea, and a high ſwell riſing, the philoſopher ſeemed under great apprehenſions leſt he ſhould go to the bottom.—— Why," obſerved the wit, that will ſuit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, you know, I am only for ſkimming the ſurface of things."

Philadelphia, *May* 2.

On the 9th of February laſt, died at Madrid, WILLIAM CARMICHAEL, Eſq. late Charge des Affaires, and one of the Commiſſioners Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the court of Spain.

ADDRESS of FRERON, repreſentative of the people in the French Convention, and editor of the Journal, called the "Orator of the People."

PEACE is at this moment the object of public meditation, and the general wiſh. After having preſented to the world the ſpectacle of a war carried on with ſo much glory and ſucceſs, it will be gratifying to us, to grant repoſe to victory, almoſt weary of our ſucceſſes.

Perhaps it would be allowable for us, in the firſt delirium of liberty, to wiſh to ſow the ſeeds of it over the whole earth. This enthuſiaſm was the preſage of ſo many miracles; but it is glorious to ſee a people, whoſe aſtoniſhing ſucceſſes might without doubt inſpire bold thoughts, reſtrain their courage, and hearken only to the voice of wiſdom and juſtice.

It was in the nature of things, that we could not overthrow our tyrants, without arming againſt us the intereſts and the paſſions of the courts of Europe. The experience of the war, which we have maintained againſt all our neighbours, has ſoftened their paſſions and modified their intereſts. Europe now holds out the olive-branch; let us place it in the midſt of the laurels which we have gathered. Kings themſelves are not ignorant how to make peace with republicans, and republicans can underſtand the propoſitions of kings, when they are juſt, rational and glorious. Far from us be the thought of carrying every where fire and flame, as if liberty could not thrive, but among bloody cinders. If it is permitted to us to pray that liberty may extend her reign far and wide; we ſhould be madmen, to precede her with carnage and death.

Powers of Europe! You have nothing more to fear from us, but our great example! But alas! How little, hitherto, have you had occaſion to dread that! How much tighter has the frightful ſpectacle of the inteſtine troubles which have agitated us, drawn the chains of nations! The diverſe factions which have ſucceeded each other amongſt us, in covering our country with blood and crimes, have rendered us an object of horror to the people of other countries: they have believed that liberty was a man-eating monſter; they have rallied round the thrones, and we have only preſented to their eyes the dazzling blaze of war-like atchievments, inſtead of the mild and attractive ſplendor of domeſtic felicity.

It is thus that the example which we ſhould have given to the world, is changed into a hideous ſcandal, which has put back, very far, perhaps, the liberty of nations! But ſince we fear not to own theſe truths, the moment is then come, when France ſhall ſhew to Europe, a ſpectacle—worthy of herſelf! The moment is come, when we will no longer give as a pledge of our promiſe and our faith, metaphyſical abſtractions, and great words void of ſenſe, but a moral character, pure and ſolid, and a government wiſely conſtituted! Some cry, who can ſay that new factions will be not formed; who can ſay that the Jacobins will not again ſpring from their aſhes! Perhaps there is even now forming in ſecret, other Heberts, another Chaumette, another Robeſpierre. Do not you ſee how many intriguers are at work to diſſolve the National Convention? How many perfidious inſinuations are ſpread abroad to provoke the primary aſſemblies; how many writers under a varniſh of love for principles, are railing rival authorities, and ſilently ſapping uſeful reputations? Ah! All theſe objections are very weak, compared to the evils the people have ſuffered, and to the experience they have acquired. No, there will be no more Heberts, nor Chaumettes among us; the blood of Robeſpierre is ſterile, and the race of the Decemvirs, will be ſhortly extinguiſhed forever.

France, I call to witneſs thy wounds and thy blood, ſhed in ſuch profuſion; I call to witneſs thoſe deep and devouring wounds of which the ſcars will long remain the ſeals of thy wiſdom, the dread of conſpirators.

In defiance of intrigues and intriguers, the Convention will continue until ſhe has raiſed and eſtabliſhed the columns of the republican edifice. Inſtructed by the enormous abuſes which have ariſen from the unlimited power that the nation has confined to her; inſtructed by the miſeries which the factions who oppreſſed her, have made her occaſion, ſhe will take care not to ſeparate, before ſhe has built dykes to reſtrain and arreſt the power of thoſe who ſhall ſucceed her; ſhe will take care how the nation is delivered up to the mercy of another aſſembly equally indeterminate in its power, and the ſafety of the liberty of France expoſed to the ſtorms of an indefinite and wavering legiſlation, full of new dangers and tormented by new paſſions. She will chain down the revolution under the ſhelter of a durable conſtitution, which intrigue may attempt to deſtroy, but can never overturn!

O you, who would diſſolve the Convention, who undermine its exiſtence by prepoſterous inſinuations, either you are traitors, or you know not what you wiſh! What a never ending anarchy would follow the diſſolution of that aſſembly! What! another revolutionary legiſlature? That is to ſay, delivered over, abandoned to all the caprice of factions, to all the viciſſitudes of the various paſſions, placed perhaps in its turn, in the circle of Popilius, by an imperious and powerful party, and forced to ſearch for its duty, which would be no where preſcribed, in the will of the ſtrongeſt.—Pitt would certainly be right, to ſay we never ſhould have a government, if the Convention ſeparates before having marked out the conſtitutional limits within which, the next legiſlature, ſheltered from the blaſt of factions, and the ſurges of brigandage† and immortality, ſhall confine itſelf.

But it is to you, that we appeal, renowned Engliſhman*, whoſe vigorous and republican eloquence has reſounded amongſt us, and which ſeems to proceed, not from the parliament of England, but from the tribune of the French Senate; ſay to your fellow citizens, deluded by a ſubtle miniſtry, that France has a government, that ſhe has inſtructed herſelf in the ſchool of misfortune, and that ſhe is worthy of vanquiſhing by her generoſity and greatneſs of ſoul, thoſe whom ſhe has already conquered by her arms.

Country of the Hampdens and the Sydneys, be worthy of poſſeſſing in thy boſom the tombs of thoſe great men! Contemplate the deſtinies of the world, and ſee how long thou art about to be degraded. Haſt thou riſen above the level of the ocean only to be quickſands of humanity? Better had it been for the univerſe, if nature had condemned thee to be only the haunt of *ſharks* and other *monſters of the deep!* thy narrow policy ſhuts the ear againſt the manly and courageous accents, which freemen cauſe to echo through thy iſle!—When all Europe fraterniſes with us, thou alone wouldſt mar this touching concert of ſocial virtues! thou alone inſulteſt humanity! thou alone wouldſt yet ſhed torrents of human blood! thou alone wouldſt detach thyſelf from that grand chain which is going to unite all nations!—*Et penitus toto diviſos orbe Brittanos.*

February 1. FRERON.

† Robbery conveys but a faint idea of the word.
* Mr. *Fox* is here unqueſtionably intended.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Glaſgow to his friend in New-York, dated 26th Feb. 1795.

By this time you'll have ſome idea of the new World. As for us, we are ſtill traverſing the drowſy ſhapes of *Political Banter*. To form an opinion of the times, is like *Diogenes*, ſearching for an honeſt man, with a candle in day light.

Conſtitution is the war-hoop of the day, and the *panders* of power, are endeavouring to play blind-ſtaff with the world in day light. In the name of honeſt ſimplicity, what will be the end of all this ſcientific contradiction, that thus lords over the mind.

The ſigns of the times are big with ſomething new. And ſuperior intelligence, can only unveil the ſecret; and progreſſive change, will make us more knowing in the ſchool of experience. You are happy who have paſſed over *Jordan*, and the firſt news you receive from Egypt, will be more intereſting. Our London papers are *laſhing* without *mercy*, and the ſyſtem of things are wearing a new face every day.

With us, things are wonderfully changed:—*Volunteers*, alias defenders, *Conſtables*, &c. &c. are ſwarming as the vermin in Egypt; and every thing is conjured up, to command veneration for the *anointed*.

You will have the news of Holland being entirely in the hands of the French. They ſeem determined by their depredations, to bring down the *Man* of *Sin!!* as our information from Spain and Italy are of the moſt ſerious kind; ſo this ſummer will give ample ſcope for the page of the hiſtorian.

The King is ſo ſurrounded with a hopeful family of the *Anointed*, from Holland, the Prince of Orange, the family of Hope, &c. &c. and Pichegru has found the Crown, with the reſt of the Regalia, of his Sardinian Majeſty, depoſited in a cellar under the Bank of Amſterdam. This piece of *Sacrilegious Robbery*, can have nothing leſs than a Pardon from his Holineſs the *Pope!*

Laſt London papers, contain a letter dated Feb. 19th, from Oſnaburgh, to which place the Britiſh Army has fled, being hard preſſed by a column of 50,000 French—That when the French croſſed the Waal, our army numbered 13,000 men, and all that reached the above place are 5,000 (and the writer adds) God only knows what ſhall become of that handful of brave men now remaining. The French are in poſſeſſion of the Dutch fleet, conſiſting of 49 ſail; from 76 to 36 guns.

Our veſſels lye under an embargo, for the purpoſe of raiſing 20,000 ſeamen, in conſequence of a Bill, brought into Parliament, by the *immaculate Pitt!* alſo, all veſſels on the coaſt are ordered to be purchaſed for government, to be converted into gun-boats and floating batteries, for the purpoſe of internal defence: (*Sic tranſit, gloria mundi.*)

Our ſituation is critical; and the greateſt enemies we have, are the *Clergy!*—who cry aloud for war, as if this, was one of the Cardinal Doctrines left by Chriſt to his Apoſtles. My ſentiments of a religion that inculcates this wholeſale trafic in human fleſh—and the *Paſtors*, who teach, ſuch religion, ſhall be reſerved to a future opportunity. On Port-Glaſgow, that ſmall town, there is a requiſition of 683 ſeamen and other places in proportion.

Well may Dr. Portious ſay, old things are become new: the *Rubicon* of his glory is on the eve of a change; ſhe may mount a ſtone, at the end of the Gooſe-Dubs, "alias Canvas town," and cry *Repent ye harlots of Nineva, and hide me with your mantles from the ſcourge of the deſtroying Angel.*"

We have had a continued froſt for upwards of two months, and the largeſt falls of ſnow ever ſeen in the memory of man; from 4 to 5 feet deep.

We have had a very great mortality here, for ſome weeks paſt, from twelve to ſixteen have been conveyed to their graves, every day.

LONDON, March 3.

On Sunday laſt a courier was diſpatched from Dublin, ſtating, that Mr. Grattan, and Sir John Parnell were to ſet out for England the next day to bear teſtimony to the true terms of the agreement made between Earl Fitzwilliam and Mr. Pitt for the government of Ireland. They were witneſſes of the arrangement, and they come to prove that the articles have been faithfully kept by earl Fitzwilliam to the latter, and that Mr. Pitt, in the violent meaſure which has thrown Ireland into ſuch diſorder, and which threatens its ſeparation from the Britiſh crown, is as contrary to perſonal honor as it is to public policy. The friends of Mr. Pitt deny this charge, and the parties are now ranged in oppoſition to each other, breathing mutual defiance.

MARRIED—

—Laſt Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. JOHN BARNHOLDT, to Miſs ELIZABETH WEAVER, both of this city.

—On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. PETER TILLY, merchant, to Miſs MARY KENNEDY, both of this city.

—Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, JOHN H. BRINTON, Eſq. to Miſs SALLY STEINMETZ, daughter of John Steinmetz, Eſq. of this city.

DIED—

—Laſt Tueſday evening, Mrs. MARIA HENRY, late of the Old American Theatre.

—Wedneſday laſt, Mrs. MARY CRUKSHANK, the amiable conſort of Mr. Joſeph Cruikſhank, of this city, Bookſeller. Her remains were yeſterday interred in the Friends Burial Ground, attended by a numerous train of relatives and friends.

Court of Apollo.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF LOVE:

OR, A BRAN NEW PASTORAL,
In imitation of Orlando.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GRUMPLIN——DISHCLOTH——
TABBY SOAPSUDS.

SCENE, *the side of a Goose-Pond.*

DISHCLOTH.

WHAT *griping* pains and *grunting* can annoy
A wench like thee? oh la, why groans my joy?
My Tabby Soapsuds, why dost *curl* thy head,
Hast lost thy Jews-harp, is thy cabbage dead?
Thy ewes have lambs, and pumpkins glad the plain,
Thy Daddy's honey, Soapsuds don't complain.

SOAPSUDS.

Oh giggling Dishcloth, when I seek relief,
To raise a horse-laugh while I strain with grief!

DISHCLOTH.

Ah Tabby Soapsuds, how could Dishcloth GUESS
The reason of your sniv'ling globes, *unless*
Your hen-roost's robb'd, or thundergusts have blown
All your fine gourd-shells and your hop-poles down.
Your sweetheart loves you like an Indian-dumplin;
No Drake is truer to his Duck than Grumplin,
His heart's like bees-wax, or *I'd nam'd him FIRST.*

SOAPSUDS.

Ah! were he so, I'd spit at all the *REST.*

DISHCLOTH.

Don't fret your gizzard, not a truer swain
Carts dung with Buck and Dobbin o'er the plain.

SOAPSUDS.

'Mid pots and swill-tubs once how bleft were I,
And Cupid's pitch-forks never made me cry:
Till knock-knee'd Grumplin parch'd my soul so dry.
Curse on his squint eyes and his grisly wig,
What curse of fate could send him here to dig?
Ah fatal day when red nos'd Grumplin came,
Astride on Dobbin with his hoes and team.
I was all mirthful leaning on my tub,
When crack-brain'd Cupid sent him here to grub.
Well I remember the *dear* youth's ADDRESS;
No cock round hen could strut with such a GRACE;
Loud as a Porpoise did he snort his sighs,
Soft as new mush his killing tongue and eyes!
When spite of all my strife, love jobb'd his dart
Like a hot poker into Soapsuds' heart!
Ah me! I droop'd like pullets with the pip,
And his huge turnip eyes gave me the hip!
On bogs and goose-ponds have I ever kept
My wall'wing shoats and as much pleasure reapt;
The grubbers bow'd and scrap'd with humble grace,
But I disdainful spit right in their face,
Till this false swain that scorch'd my liver, drove
Into my soul a hogshead full of love!
Ah Grumplin! lay this juggling all aside,
I'm almost crazy to be made your bride:
My heart is big as squashes, and too great
For you in this most cruel way to treat.
I know you're fair, you *are a lovelier thing*
Than top-knot of the Turkey-cock in spring:
My rolling pair of skinn'd potatoes languish,
But know they've scoured many a soul with anguish.
Come to these arms, you cruel churlish dog,
That I may squeeze you, as I would a log.

TOBY ORLANDO.

EPIGRAM.

A drunken Scot, by the rigorous sentence
Of the kirk was condemn'd to the stool of repentance.
Mess John to his conscience his vices laid home,
And his danger in this, and the world that's to come.
Thou reprobate mortal! why, dost thou not know
Where, after you're dead, all you drunkards must go?
Must go when we're dead? Why, sir, you may swear
We shall go one and all where we find the best beer.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

A FRAGMENT.

THE heart attun'd to scientific themes,
Inhales the vivifying thought sublime
Inspiring fancy glows in golden dreams:
Or rapt aloft pourtrays the glowing line.

Refin'd by science, and Pierian fire,
The soul on airy pinions wings its flight,
Inform'd by ardent virtues pure desire,
His genius points to radiant realms of light.

Thus pois'd aloft, the youth intent explores,
Unbounded prospects—grasps *the mighty whole,*
Illusive thus, with vivid fancy soars
And rises still with animated soul!

On vulgar throngs reverts a pitying eye,
As worthless reptiles form'd alone to toil,
Youth had suppress'd the agonizing sigh
Adversity its keen instructive foil.

Seducing fancy thus deception forms
Ærial phantoms swell the ardent mind
But soon alas! impending gloomy storms,
Leave each gay fleeting vision far behind.

Cold bleak misfortunes, adverse love combine
With ills on ills a black terrific train,
Each prospect baseless marks his fond design,
With melted* wings descends to earth again.

* * * * *

TITYRUS.

* *Alluding to Icarus.*

ON REFINEMENT OF IDEA, AND LANGUAGE.

TO THE LADIES.

MR. Pope has poetically said, that "want of decency is want of sense." Perhaps he had come nearer to the truth if he had asserted, that want of decency was want of *reflection*; for very many persons of understanding run into indecencies from mere carelessness. Decency, however, is, I really believe, more frequent in behaviour, than in expression; and I have had occasion to remark, that the ordinary conversation of persons, even in the most elevated situations, is more indelicate than at a first view one can suppose. Women of unquestioned chastity, and even virgins, make no scruple of talking pretty roundly and clearly of a friend's pregnancy. Miss Lucy begs to know how long Mrs. Fruitful *is gone*, how long she has *to reckon*, and whether *she looks big*. Another young lady congratulates some prolific wife of her acquaintance on her safe *delivery* of as fine a boy as ever was born, and as *like* the father as ever it can stare; she is delighted to think she has had so good a *crying-out*, and insists upon being one of the gossips at her *next*: nay, it is common enough for a circle of company, in which the sexes are blended, to converse in a manner still *nearer to the point*: they talk of children *got by* such and such a person. Mrs. Breedwell has seven children, Sir, says a modest young lady.—Aye, indeed, Madam!—Yes, but not all *by* the Captain; she had two *by* her first husband; three *by* her second, who died of a *consumption*; and two *by* Mr. Breedwell, who is thought to be in a decline himself.—I have not seldom heard a young lady tell her male friends that Mr. Such-a-one was illegitimate; that poor Mrs. Greisly died the third day of a *milk-fever*; her sister expired in *child-bed*; her aunt *miscarried*; and her mama had *twins at a birth*, but one was *still-born*. Now, really and truly, Ladies, this is little better than downright indecency; and however such trash be sanctified by the suffrage of custom, any one of reflection may easily see that, when such sentiments prevail, there cannot possibly be true female delicacy either in the ideas or in the language. Pray, Ladies, as a friend, give me leave to talk to you on this subject: When you say Mrs. A—'s first child was *by* Mr. B—, what is your idea at this crisis? Your ideas must ever correspond with your expression: if the expression is gross, the conception must inevitably be gross in proportion. There are those who think it not quite consistent with the modesty of maidenhood, that they should be even spectators at a labour; for that occasion there are provided, you know, proper *matrons*; and prithee, now, what can *maids* propose in such visits? Do ye want to see a *friend* in the severest of all trials? Do ye rejoice in the agony which cannot but complain? Or do you go purely to see *how it is*, and see what you must all come to? When you are there, is it, think you, quite so pretty to catch up the new-born infant from the hand of the nurse or midwife, almost before it has experienced the use of cloathing?—Would your curiosity be satisfied by a discovery of the *sex* of the dear little creature? Besides this, surely the transactions both before and after the birth, are not, I conceive, quite so nice as may be proper for the eye of an unmarried woman: nay, it is thought proper that the very husband himself should retire (notwithstanding all his anxiety) till some part of the business is past; but young ladies, without a blush, laugh away at a labour, join the jests of the beldame of a gossip, listen to the nonsensical obscenity of a nurse, and are determined to surround the bed, and attend the midwife, while she performs every part of the ceremony! Oh, Modesty, where is thy blush! Oh, Woman, how art thou degenerated! The truth is, the Tutors and Governesses are by no means sufficiently delicate themselves. Conversation is less chaste at Academies and Boarding-schools than it ought to be. Perhaps more, a great deal more of vice and virtue depends on mere chit-chat than is supposed: for aught I know, the very advice which nurses and mothers give their children, to cover their bosoms, and button their breeches, and keep their little petticoats down, may, by attracting their curiosity to know the *reason* of it, in some measure counteract the monition. I would not pretend to be ignorant, that in this Essay I have excited images which I have censured the indulgence of; but this I could not avoid. To shew the faults in a picture, I must enter critically into the nature of the defects, and specify the particulars. On the other hand, I would not, Ladies, be thought to dictate or persuade *Prudery*. The golden mean betwixt forwardness and mere coyness, should be the standard for you. Delicacy in your thoughts will necessarily produce refinement in your words; and there is a charm in chaste conversation superior to all your dimples and all your smiles. On this subject you can never read any thing to greater advantage than the sentiments of your friend Dr. Fordyce, with a few of which, as being peculiarly apposite on the present occasion, I shall close this Essay, and then trust the whole to your understandings. I suppose you guess that I am going to take an extract from the Doctor's well known Discourses, which he has written and published for your service.

"We do not wish that woman should always utter grave sentences. It were inconsistent with the state of mankind: but because we are weak, there is no reason why we should be silly. The brow of Care may surely be smoothed without converting it into the laugh of Folly. While we indulge the recreation necessary for mortal, let us maintain the temper requisite in *immortal* beings. Let me add here, that the charms of *Innocence* and sympathy appearing in your *discourse* will, to every discerning man, spread around you a lustre which all the jewels in the world cannot bestow."

The Diamonds and the Ruby's blaze
Disputes the Palm with Beauty's Queen:
Not Beauty's Queen commands such praise,
Devoid of Virtue, if she's seen.

But the soft tear in Pity's eye
Outshines the Diamond's brightest blaze;
But the sweet blush of Modesty
More beauteous than the Ruby seems.

M.

WILLIAM KELLY,

TAYLOR,

Informs his Friends and the Public, that he has just commenced Business at No. 49, Chesnut Street, between Second and Third Streets,

PHILADELPHIA,

WHERE all Commands in his Line will be thankfully received, and executed with Neatness, Dispatch, and in the newest Fashions.

JACOB RIZER,

RESPECTFULLY informs his FRIENDS and the PUBLIC, that he lately commenced business as a

TIN PLATE WORKER,

No. 95, N. Third-street, where such persons as shall favor him with their custom may depend on having their work done with accuracy and dispatch on reasonable terms.

N. B. He has on hand, a very considerable assortment of TIN WARE, which he will warrant to be of a superior quality. PHILA. APRIL 18.

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